Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Euans. The dozen white Lowſes doe become an olde Coat well: it agrees well paſſant: *It* is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies Loue.

Luce, is a fish in fresh Water, & lakes, marshes & there is also Marine fish of ye same Name. Vid: Gesner.

Shal. The Luſe is the freſh-fiſh, the ſalt-fiſh is an old Coate.

Slen. I may quarter (Coz).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Euans. *It* is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Euan. Yes per-lady: if hee ha's a quarter of your coate, there is but three Shirts for your ſelfe, in my ſimple coniectures; but that is all one: if Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* haue committed diſparagements vnto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to doe my beneuolence, to make attonements and compremiſes betweene you.

Shal. The Councell ſhall heare it, it is a Riot.

Euan. It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Councell (looke you) ſhall deſire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot: take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha; o' my life, if I were yong againe, the ſword ſhould end it.

Euans. It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it: and there is alſo another deuice in my praine, which peraduenture prings goot diſcretions with it. There is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to Maſter *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. *Miſtris Anne Page?* ſhee has browne haire, and ſpeakes ſmall like a woman.

Euans. It is that ferry perſon for all the world, as iuſt as you will deſire, and ſeuen hundred pounds of Moneies, and Gold, & Siluer, is her Grand-ſire vpon his deaths-bed (Got deliuer to a ioyfull reſurrections) giue, when ſhe is able to ouertake ſeuenteene yeeres old. It were a goot motion, if we leaue our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage betweene Maſter *Abraham*, and M iſtris *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her Grand-ſire leaue her ſeauen hundred pound?

Euan. I, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Euan. Seuen hundred pounds, & poſſi

Shal. Wel, let vs ſee honeſt Maſter *Pa*

Euan. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe deſ
deſpiſe one that is falſe, or as I deſpiſe
the Knight Sir *Iohn* is there, and I beſee
your well-willers: I will peat the door
What hoa? Got-pleſſe your houſe heere

Maſter Page. Who's there?

Euen. Here is go't's pleſſing and your
Shallow, & heere young Maſter *Slender*:
ſhall tell you another tale, if matters gro

Maſter Page. I am glad to ſee your
thanke you for my Veniſon Maſter *Shal*

Shal. Maſter *Page*, I am glad to ſee yo
it your good heart: I wiſh'd your Ven
ill killed: how doth good Miſtreſſe *Pag*
alwaies with my heart, la: with my hear

M. Page. Sir, I thanke you.

Shal. Sir, I thanke you: by yea, and no

M. Pa. I am glad to ſee you, good Ma

Slen. How do's your fallow Greyhoun
he was out-run on *Cotſall*.

M. Pa. It could not be iudg'd, Sir,

Slen. You'll not confeſſe: you'll not c

Shal. That hee will not, 'tis your fa
'tis a good dogge.

M. Pa. A Cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir: hee's a good dog, and a fair
more ſaid? he is good and faire. *Is* Sir *Ioh*

M. Pa. Sir, hee is within: and *I* w
good office betweene you.

Euan. *It* is ſpoke as a Chriſtians ought

Shal. He hath wrong'd me Maſter *Pag*

M. Pa. Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confe

Shal. *If* it be confeſſed, it is not red
ſo (M. *Page?*) he hath wrong'd me, ind
word he hath: beleeue me, *Robert Shallo*
is wronged.